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JONES SOUTH CAROLINIANA

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THE HISTORY OF
SOUTH CAROLINA

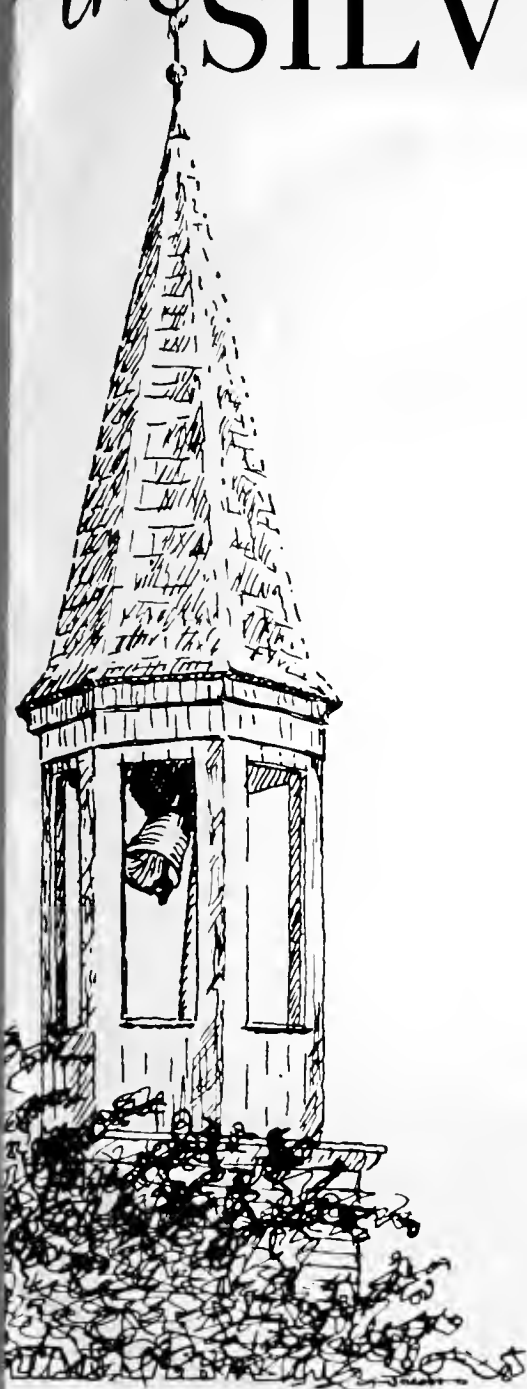
PRESENTED
AND
FOSTERED
BY

DUDLEY JONES
TO THE
PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE

the GENERATION
the SILVER BELL

By

Thornwell Jacobs



The Address of Dedication of the
CARILLONIC BELLS
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
Clinton, S. C. - - - June 30, 1946

INSCRIPTION

These Carillonic Bells were presented by William J. Bailey in memory of his wife, Florence Jacobs Bailey, former organist of this church. They are dedicated to the service of all who hear,

*To deepen their faith
To strengthen their courage
To enliven their hope
In God*

The GENERATION *of* *The* SILVER BELL

*"How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet . . ."*

—William Cowper.

June 30, 1946—A day of national turmoil, international tumult and world-wide unrest. A fierce contest for power, position and pelf girdles the globe. The vultures gather over the corpse of a murdered Europe to gorge themselves with the fragments left by the dogs of war. Dismembered Germany howls in her misery and woe. From the Pillars of Hercules to the Heights of Pamir the wounded British Lion roars defiance at the reinvigorated Russian Bear. From their ruins, Italy, France, Poland, Greece, beg for "*backsheesh*." Egypt is in revolt. The Balkans are bankrupt and bloody. The Jews, the Arabs and the British "stand at Armageddon and battle", each for its Lord. Turkey hurries her preparations for the defense of the Dardanelles. India falls blindly forward into rebellion and civil strife. French Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies bloodily fight for freedom from their European masters. China moans continually in her age-old chaos. Japan jerks arm and leg in the contortions of a fearful coming-to-consciousness. And this afternoon—while our chimes are being played, the new atomic bomb at Bikini boasts America's power to atomize the world. But,

*"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals of blown roses on the grass,
Or dew-drops on still waters, between walls
Of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;
Music that brings sweet peace down from the blissful skies."*

Days, such as this, are born like poets, and made like engines, and grown like pecan trees. Also, like pecan trees and like history, in general, they have long roots. Unlike Minerva, they do not burst full-grown and armored from the head of Jove, but this sort of day has emerged from many human heads and hearts. "Yesterday this day's *gladness* did prepare," that lazy and happy yesterday on which men first began to make music and music first began to make men.

The earliest, rosy fingertips of the dawn of this day came when some man, woman, or child, somewhere on earth first distinguished between the irregular motion of air particles known as noise and its regular, rhythmical motion known as

music. For, as Thomas Fuller reminds us: "Music is nothing else but wild sounds civilized into time and tune." Since that day men have learned to make more and louder noises and they have always remained noises—unpleasant, disturbing, violent, terrifying. Likewise, they have learned to make more and sweeter sounds and they have remained musical, pleasing, inspirational and revelatory. Both noise and music are children of sound, but the one is a big, burly, brutal son and the other is a sweet, gentle, kindly, beautiful daughter.

Yet, Mother Sound would, at once, repudiate this distinction between her children because she knows that it exists only in the human ear, for noise is itself rhythmical motion. She would take us to one of our own laboratories, select a tuning fork, attach a light to it, cause the light to be reflected by the four mirrors of a revolving cube and show us the wave-length of the musical note of the tuning fork, just as real as that of a ripple on a lake or a wave on the ocean. She would point out that each sound, each noise has its own wave-length varying from very long ones in the case of the bass notes to very short ones in the treble. Perhaps she would repeat those fine words of Emerson:

"Thou canst not wave thy hand in air,
Nor dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And ripples in rhymes the oar forsake."

Then she would remind us that, in its ultimate analysis, all matter—air, stone, dirt, flesh, water, wood—is motion, energy, power, will, the Will of God. That is how easy it is to trace the beginning of music and matter and mind back to the Master of all Music, to the Sweetest of all Singers. So quickly and surely can we solve the riddle of the universe over which so many puzzled prophets, priests and philosophers have pored.

For all creation, from the molecule to the metagalaxy, marches forward to the regular rhythm of its own special harmony. Such are the pendulum, and the leg which is a pendulum, and the moon that "comes nightly to the sky" and "the tidal wave unto the sea", and the day itself. For each color, from violet to red, has its own wave-length, as do also wireless waves, and Hertzian waves, and infra-red rays, and X-rays, and Cosmic rays, and all other ultra-violet rays, and the engine, and the airplane, and the electron, and the atomic bomb. The world is full of music and the music is full of meaning. "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Even noise and dirt are music in the ears of God. There is a "music of the Spheres". Not only is everything your ear hears, music, but every thing your eye sees is music, and every thing your

skin touches is music, and every thing your tongue tastes is music; yes, and every thing your nose smells is music—to Him. The ultimate reality, the inner constitution of matter, that which everything is, in essence, is rhythmic motion, ordered power, organized, purposeful will—God.

“He that hath ears to hear”, therefore, if he is gifted with the usual amount of human curiosity, would like to know just how the human being comes into contact with this universal harmony and, thenceforward, comes to look on his ears with a new sort of wonder and respect. And well he might! For, the human ear is one of the most amazing of instruments. It has two audience chambers and an entrance hall. The outer ear concentrates the vibrations of the air into the middle ear. Then that remarkable trio of magicians, the hammer and the anvil and the stirrup convey those vibrations to the inner ear where, in “Corti’s organ”, literally a “harp of ten thousand strings”, by some miraculous thaumaturgy, each string selects from the vibrations which come to the inner ear the one which corresponds to its own wave-length and speeds it along the auditory nerve to the brain where it is transformed into sound. If Corti’s organ is damaged by accident or disease, hearing is correspondingly damaged. As one ages, the strings on its fringes are impaired and the hearing range is restricted, so that the aged cannot hear notes easily perceived by the young. But the ordinary range of hearing of the ear is marvellous—the lowest organ note is thirty-two per second and the highest orchestra note, the piccolo, is forty-seven hundred and fifty-two (4752) per second. Concert pitch A vibrates four hundred and thirty-five times per second. Thus the range of the ear is one octave lower and four octaves higher than a grand piano which has seven or seven and a half octaves. The longest and thickest strings at the top of the cochlea vibrate at sixteen oscillations per second. The shortest and most delicate strings at the bass of the cochlea vibrate at something like twenty thousand oscillations per second. Injury to any string or group of strings causes deafness-gaps. A child can perceive some twenty thousand oscillations per second, an adult approximately fifteen, a person of fifty years about twelve or thirteen thousand. No statistics on earth are more important or more beautiful than these.

The heart has its own rhythm. It beats from forty to more than two hundred times per second and upon its age-old rhyme one of the fundamental forms of music—poetry—depends. “Poetry,” Sydney Lanier used to say, “is music in search of a word.” Both are timed by the heart-beat. Occasionally, for physiological or psychological reasons the regularity of its pulsations is upset and, then, the doctor tells us that we are afflicted with *arrhythmia*, disharmony. The dependable steadiness of its stroke doubtless formed the basis of the earliest

meters, stresses, beats of poetry and of dances, also. The martial power of the drum beat, the regular downstroke of group toilers, the ordered march of infantrymen, the measured guidance of the metronome, the sensitive signal of the baton, these are some of the diverse developments of systole and diastole, of pulse and temperature and blood pressure. So it comes to pass that, just as the music of the spheres comes from the heart of God, so also, does the music of earth come from the heart of man. That is why it is the source of such vast strength and power. Rhythm is of the soul. "Music," says Leibnitz, "is a kind of counting performed by the mind without knowing that it is counting." Just as the marching regiment must break step while crossing a suspension bridge for fear of disrupting it by the accumulating stresses of their regular tramp, tramp, tramp, so the cumulative harmonies of the organ and orchestra affect the human spirit, to inspire or to destroy. The rude discords of some types of music can tear a soul to pieces; the gentle harmonies of other kinds can quiet and strengthen it. There is no passion or emotion of life that is not to be found in organ or orchestra. Emotions and vibrations-per-second are mutually interchangeable. Hear Tennyson declare it:

"Love took up the harp of life
And smote on all its chords with might,
And smote the chord of self, that, trembling,
Passed in music out of sight."

Nature, herself, is emotional. She has taught all her children—not man alone—the *nuances* of her feelings; as W. A. Percy has reminded us: *

"I heard a bird, at break of day,
Sing from the autumn trees,
A song so mystical and calm,
So full of certainties,
No man, I think, could listen long,
Except upon his knees.
Yet, this was just a simple bird,
Alone, among dead trees."

And Mother Nature's organ music is universe-wide. Not on earth only nor in heaven, solely, does she blend her harmonies. Of her music it may truthfully be said: "If I ascend into heaven, thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me and thy right hand uphold me." That is what Flecker must have had in mind when he wrote:

* *American Mystical Verse*.—D. Appleton.

"A linnet who had lost his way
Sang on a blackened bough in hell
Till all the guests remembered well
The trees, the wind, the golden day.
At last, they knew that they had died
When they heard music in that land,
And some one there stole out a hand
And drew a brother to his side."**

Perhaps the very finest contribution of modern physics to our manner of living and thinking is this discovery that the whole universe, from electron to metagalaxy, from mud to men, from hell to heaven, consists of waves, so-called "matter" in motion, of energy, working in oscillating vibrations and that this is true of brains as well as of brawn, of rock as well as of radiation, of light as well as of carillons. And the infinite perfection of it! For illustration: here are some of the "sizes" of the wave-lengths of light and of adjacent vibrations:

Ether Vibrations:

Wireless: from miles to 100 per inch.

Hertzian waves: from 100 - $1/5$ inch.

Infra-red: 77 per inch to 35,000.

Light: from 35,000 (red) - 71,000 (violet).

Ultra-violet: 71,000 - 1,000,000 per inch.

X-rays: 21,000,000 - 256,000,000 per inch.

Gamma rays: 256 million to 2,546,000,000 per inch.

Cosmic (Millikan) rays: 384 billion - 641,000,000,000 per inch.

Fifty-three octaves of ether waves and we are conscious of only one—light!

But, even more amazing than the minute fraction of the world of ether vibrations perceived by the human eye is their inconceivable variation in size. Who can imagine wave-lengths so infinitesimal that it requires the combined length of six hundred and forty-one thousand million of them to extend, end to end, for one inch? And if you would like to test your imagination, contemplate the radiation of the sun, pure radiation, yet *it amounts to four million tons in quantity each second!*

Into this world where everything that is, is rhythmic, comes our carillon,

To comfort the sufferer,
To strengthen the weak,
To inspire the depressed,
To guide the lost,
To glorify God.

** *Tenebris Interlucentem.*—Wm. H. Wise & Co.

As with the day into which they are come, these bells were born like a poet, made like an engine and grown like a pecan tree. Their story is imbedded in the history of this church and links that history to the present hour. If we had time it would be a fruitful adventure to study the long-rooted record of discovery and invention from the day when some unknown investigator discovered that bell-shaped metal gave out a pleasing sound, to this present hour of electronic wonders. Equally interesting to us and more to the purpose of this gathering is the story of how it has come to pass that this lovely carillon is to be dedicated and the manner and meaning thereof.

It was on July 13th, 1862, that a little one hundred and twenty-five pound Columbia Theological Seminary student rode down in a rickety buggy, driven by a sleepy-headed little negro boy from Laurensville Court House where his father was presiding over the Laurensville Female Seminary to preach at the nine-year-old Clinton Presbyterian Church. Insignificant as was that utterly unnoted event it was by no means inconsequential. There is not in all this congregation a single person who was present on that "day of small things"; but neither is there any one here who has not been and will not be blessed by it.

Acquainted as you are with the history and personnel of this community, try to reproduce that scene in your imagination. Forget this Gothic edifice of granite, full of cultured worshippers, these stained glass windows, these carved oak panellings and pews. Picture a large grove of oaks, just south of the "Big Road" from Columbia to Greenville and parallel to the streak of rusty strips of iron on the rotting sleepers and cross ties of the Laurens Railroad. In the midst of the oak-grove, draw an unpainted, wooden, box-like church building, forty by fifty feet in size, a little longer north and south than east and west, with no steeple, no organ, no choir, no regular collections, no Sunday School, no Ladies Aid Society, no prayer meeting, no choir leader and no pastor. It is a hot midsummer day and a dozen or more sunburned farmers and village merchants are smoking, chewing and swapping news and jokes in the outside shade. Inside, they are probably "waiting for the Davises" to come from Rock Bridge before starting the service. The little visiting preacher's first job is to find someone to "hist the hymns". Searching the audience with the help of Uncle Bob Phinney, he finds Billy Rose, who seems to have met the emergency to the satisfaction of all. In doing so, he took the first definite steps toward our carillon and toward this day of their dedication.

A year later, the youthful theologian had become the first pastor of the church. Billy Rose was still willing to help but the enthusiastic young minister wanted him to have the support of an organ. There may have been such an instrument

in Laurens and perhaps in Newberry but the nearest approach to one within nine miles of Clinton was Rush Blakely's melodeon. This Rush Blakely whose love of Bacchus was soon matched by a sort of Damon and Pythias friendship with the new preacher was appealed to and he promptly joined Billy Rose in setting forward the effectiveness of the church service and the coming of "the Day". Thereafter, Rush, by universal agreement the most generous of friends and charming of companions, might fall off the water wagon every time it gave a jerk, but in the eyes of church and pastor he remained the beloved disciple. From his generosity of spirit the second chord was struck in the overture to our carillon.

Quietly and almost unnoticed those days came and went without photographs or publicity but, now, how we wish that we could recall the faces that the little preacher saw on that hot Sabbath afternoon in July when he first faced his future congregation.

Of two attendants we may be sure: Uncle Bob, merchant, postmaster and beekeeper, and Aunt Sake Phinney, approximately two hundred and fifty pounds of efficient, self-sacrificing, untiring kindness, generosity and love. On that memorable Sunday afternoon, they must have climbed the high bridge which spanned the Laurens Railroad cut in front of their house and walked the short distance to the box-square church in the beautiful oak grove. If it was too hot for Aunt Sake to walk and if Uncle Bob could scrouge into the seat, perhaps they rode in Aunt Sake's gospel wagon, a buggy with a little dray attachment on the rear, like those once used by sewing machine salesmen. Bowing to and smiling at a church full of friends, they marched down the right hand aisle to the left hand pew, second from the front. That is where my earliest memories found Uncle Bob, when, encircled by his right arm, I slept on his shoulder.

Eagerly our recollections search those cushionless pews for the other men and women and children and vociferous babies who constituted the then membership and attendants of this church. From his diary we know that the little minister was introduced to many of the congregation before the service and that he noted with pleasure the large numbers of negroes in the gallery "who listened attentively." Undoubtedly, Uncle Bob introduced him to the leading merchant of the village, George Pringle Copeland who, many years later, when about to reach his three-score years and ten, was to thrill the congregation by joining their church. Joel T. Foster must have been there, probably wondering if he would ever be able to finish his hotel. George Davidson, carpenter and tinner and D. T. Compton, cobbler, and Joe Crews, mill owner, and Mr. Hunter and Mrs. Dunlap, teachers, and Dr. W. H. Henry, upon whose death the little minister wrote: "Clinton has lost her best

elder and I my best friend," and Dr. Lon Harris, celebrated for his skill all over the county—some of these and their families must, also, have been present. Young M. S. Bailey who had just quit clerking for Uncle Bob Phinney and had hopefully established his own general merchandise store, was probably there with his two little children, Joe and Putsey, having doubtless discarded regretfully his copperas breeches, of which he used later so often to boast. Capt. R. S. Owens was not there, nor his son, Rutledge. With the little preacher's brother, Presley, the gray-clad boy was resting in their common grave at Gettysburg. Yet, perhaps, the Captain and Col. B. S. Jones, also, may have been at home on furloughs, on that quiet, summer afternoon. Beloved Dr. Boozer was not there but was to arrive for his long life in Clinton a few weeks later. Dr. John W. Young was away, fighting in Tennessee. Uncle Eb Copeland was doubtless there and youthful Kit Young and some representatives of other important village and countryside families such as the Hollands who once owned most of the territory now included in the city of Clinton; the Underwoods from which family the famous Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, was descended; the Hunters, and Huetts, and Newt Youngs, and Littles, and Dunlaps, and Franklins, and Wests, and Craigs, and Irbys, and Pittses, and Pyles, and Butlers. Elder John Blakeley, the first to be named in the records of the church, had been dismissed to some other organization, and Ewell Blakeley had died. Undoubtedly, there were representatives of neighboring churches present: Duncan's Creek and Shady Grove and Bethany and Gilder's Creek. And who knows but that the little lady who was to be his first organist might have ridden in from *Coldwater* with her father, Dr. James H. Dillard? W. B. Bell, who, later, was to be the treasurer of his orphanage was doubtless there, and Mr. Nat Green, also, under the gallery on the preacher's right. If Baptist Billy Rose could "hist the tunes" so acceptably, perhaps Methodist Sim Pearson and W. A. McKelvey (from whom the orphanage lot was later purchased) and C. M. (Uncle Mad) Ferguson and W. J. Leake, and even Clinton's one Jew, A. Caspary, came out to hear the young Charlestonian. Let us fondly believe that the 176 inhabitants of the village gave him a numerous and enthusiastic welcome.

The third step in the approach to this happy, memorial day is marked by an entry in the diary of the then pastor. He writes: "Little Florence is singing all round the house!" This early exhibition of musical talent she came by naturally. Her mother had been organist at Rocky Springs Church where, in filling a preaching appointment, her father and mother had first met. Thereafter, until her death in 1879, her mother had served as the first organist of the church and Sunday School. With the aid of Miss Pattie Thornwell, daughter of the dis-

tinguished divine for whom the Thornwell Orphanage was named, she had taught her little daughter the love and practice of music. Shortly after her mother's death, the little teen-age girl took up the burden and pleasure of playing the organ and raising the tunes in Church and Sunday School. This she did alone, without the aid of precentor or choir, year after year—morning worship at the orphanage, Sunday School at 9:30 on Sundays, Church at 11, evening service at 7 to 8, prayer meeting each Thursday night—until her marriage. Even thereafter, her services were frequently needed and used, as vacancies occurred in the succession of organists. Hers was a lovely labor, given freely, without financial reward, sending the beautiful faith and hope and love of the church into the hearts of thousands of members, worshippers, and strangers within her gates.

Memories of those long-ago services come back to me through the mists of the years. It is Sunday morning. My sister has called me into the house, looked at my feet with a shocked "ugh!" overseen their thorough scrubbing, pinned a stiff white collar over my coat, checked up on my missionary nickel, combed my hair, washed my face and sent me over to the Home of Peace, there to join the procession of orphanage children, marching to Sunday School promptly at nine o'clock. The "big girls" led the procession, followed by the boys, and my father and sister brought up the rear. The march was repeated at night, rain or shine, every Sunday evening of the year. Most clearly do I remember the crisp, cool evenings of the autumn; clear, dark blue sky, the misty-veiled Pleiades (seven sisters we called them), the Big Dipper, swinging around the pole, the fierce, red eye of the Bull (Aldebaran), twinkling at varying heights above the steeple and the graveyard of the church. Of all the children, I consider myself to have been the luckiest for, in my earliest years, I had that soft, kind pillow waiting for me, once the pews had been reached, Mr. Phinney's shoulder. After my sister had successfully led the congregation in the preliminary hymns and my father had taken his text, I could, and did, sink softly to sleep on that welcome pillow and enjoy the sermon—until my sister's voice, in the final hymn, awoke me to the realities of the return march.

In later years, when my growth made Uncle Bob's pillow seem babyish, I took my accustomed seat under the gallery, on the right as you enter, just as close as possible to the big, red-hot stove, and watched the congregation assemble. By the time that the orphanage children had arrived and occupied the amen corners on the right and left of the pulpit, the main body of the church had been only partially filled. Having no watch, I learned to prophesy almost to the minute the moment

of the opening of the service, by marking the arrivals of some of the evening worshippers.

Lacking cinemas and automobiles and road houses, the church was the social as well as the religious center of our little town, and there were certain pairs of young people who appeared as regularly at our evening service as the minister himself. Also, they had acquired the art of timing their arrival accurately. Outstanding in my memory are two. First, I learned to look for George Copeland and Lou Jones and, within a matter of two or three minutes thereafter, Hale Shands and Tex Albright. It gave me a thrill to watch these two handsome young swains squire their sweethearts to their pews. Just before the service commenced, the three musketeers, Jack Young, Dill Jacobs and Jim Crack Copeland appeared, but irregularly as to their moment of entrance, often waiting till the Long Meter Doxology had begun, the better to slip in while the congregation was standing. Then, always before the services began, because it could not start until they had arrived, came "Sister and Will", through the front door if they were ahead of time, slipping in through the side door if they were late. In the latter case, there was always a scurrying around to find the hymn-book, an anxious glance toward the pulpit and a vigorous pumping of the pedals before the solemn strains of "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow" ended the tittering and smiling of the congregation.

Often, I recall those old scenes. They are very dear to me and very lovely. They will never die in our memories for, as Dorothy Foy reminds us:

"There is an immortality of lovely things:
Birds that sing, and swaying trees,
The rhythm of the silver-cadenced rain,
The music of the clouds that float across the tinted sky,
The lovely, lilting laughter of a child.
There is an immortality of lovely things.
For which the human heart must needs be glad."

And the old familiar faces, the Copelands and Youngs and Baileys and Phinneys and Vances and Mayor Shands and good old Dr. Boozer and the Joneses and Owenses and Davises—I find myself looking for them, searching the pews for their faithful, friendly presences, but they are not here and

"I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed."

Nevertheless, it pleases my fancy to imagine that in a deeper, truer sense they *are* here. For them as truly as to us our carillon will ring. Therefore "send not to ask for whom" our bells will toll. They toll for them and, thereby, for us, also. Perhaps in some subtle way they may hear them. Perhaps in some sublimated sense our love may thus be conveyed to them. But

"Oh God that it were possible for one short hour to see
The souls we love that we might ask them what and where
they be."

Like a sweet prophecy of this day was the ringing of the church bell each Sunday evening. It had a clear, silvery tone and, coming from the belfry at a height of nearly a hundred feet, it could be heard distinctly on the orphanage and, later, on the college campus, in the still quiet of the village Sabbath. Its mindful ringing is also among the immortal memories of the Clinton of that day. All who listen to our lovely, new carillon will recall, and not without emotion, if they are survivors of that beautiful past, the sweet, silver notes which never failed to remind them to "go together to the kirk in goodly company." There was a pretty, popular song that was frequently sung in those days which I still associate with its silvery summons:

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and love and that sweet time
When last I heard their evening chime.

Those happy hours have passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells!

And so 'twill be when I am gone;
Those evening bells will still ring on,
And other bards shall walk the dells
And sing of thee, sweet evening bells."

For, in a little while, we also, and the memory of us, will be misty shadows dimly seen through hazy years.

"He that hath ears to hear" can still catch the after-sensations of those meaningful invitations. From all over the world they come; from far-away Japan where Sam Fulton bore their message in pulpit and Seminary; from our own state in the ministries of such men as Ellison Simpson and Darby Fulton and C. A. B. Jennings; from other states in the labors of such representatives as James B. and John W. Carpenter, and of Dawson Henerey; from the northeast in the brilliant pastorate of Corn-

well Jennings; from the world at large in the earth-wide missionary superintendence of C. Darby Fulton; from other churches in the theological Seminary Presidency of Ellis A. Fuller. These, all, are ministers but they do not stand alone in bearing its messages abroad. There are legislators, and educators and editors and lawyers and physicians and bankers and merchants and farmers and government officials, multitudes of them such as the Brooks brothers and our own Wilson Harris. And nearest and dearest of all to most of those who hear these words are that noble company who, for the most part, rest in the graves which almost surround this church. Countless lovely memories went with them to their tombs but none dearer than the clear tones of that silver tongued bell pealing its pleas for the good, the true and the beautiful and burying in the memories of their living mourners the golden hope of eternal life. They are our beloved and noble dead.

“On fame’s eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round,
The bivonac of *our* dead.”

When you hear the music of your new carillon, send not to ask for whom the bells ring. They ring for you and yours.

What became of the whole generation of hopes and fears and loves which, from 1865 until the day of its destruction heard the persuasive tones of that Sabbath bell? The little minister from Charleston came and lived his half-century of devoted service and fell upon the magic sleep. The willing voice of Billy Rose “crept silently to rest.” “Little Florence” no longer “is singing all around the house.” Uncle Bob and Aunt Sake Phinney with their famous bridge and buggy and beehives, Joel Foster and his still unfinished hotel, Nat Green and his rasping sawmill, these and those who companied with them, they and all their plans and anxieties, their victories and defeats, their pleasures and pains are sunk behind the misty margin of the past. And the simple but lovely social life of the tiny, old-timey village: the revolving tables creaking under old-fashioned dishes; potato pone, apple pies, “kivered, onkivered and barred,” cheesy macaroni and rich, eggy, rice custard, a half dozen meats and frothy syllabub waiting on the kitchen table; the hay-rides and parties, the buggy rides and all-day singings, the picnics and all-day preachings, the tinkling cowbells and baying dogs and cackling hens and scrappy game-cocks; the church groves, full of chair-filled wagons and mud-bespattered buggies and braying mules and neighing horses; the timid maidens and their bashful squires; the checker games and stick-whittlers, before the country stores; the grandmothers and their corncob pipes by

the fireside—this whole generation of kindly mothers and toiling fathers with their church bazaars and hot suppers, and tournaments and camp meetings and square dances and quiet Sundays from which all trains and buses and telephones and buggy rides for pleasures were excluded, and fireside games and parties, and hymn-singing, and church bells, church bells, church bells! The words of one of our old songs come back to me through the years:

“Where are now those merry parties
I attended long ago,
Gathered round the cheery fireside
Brightened by its ruddy glow?
They have gone from us, forever;
Longer here they might not stay.
They have reached a fairer region,
Far away, far away.”

Maeterlinck once said that the dead live on earth only as they are remembered and those who remember this generation are themselves fast being gathered unto their fathers. Their silver bell is fallen from the belfry and broken in its ashes. When a few more years have gone there will be none to remember them. Who, then, will recall their days and lives to our present fond recollection? That is the meaning of this day of dedication. From new tower no less than from long-ago steeple these chimes shall recall the *Generation of the Silver Bell*.

To memorialize and typify that fine and beloved generation only a few remain and even they were little children in those now almost legendary days. The tiny hamlet of Five Points which became Clinton when the Laurens Railroad made it its terminus, is approximately a century old. When our church, which was founded in 1855 heard, in 1862, the first sermon of the little minister who was to become its first pastor, our late centenarian, Mrs. W. E. Nash, was nine years old. On that day, lovely but shrouded in the mist of the years, the oldest attendant of this church, the organist in whose memory our carillon is being dedicated, and their generous donor were, all three, unborn. They and many others who

. . . . “drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest,”

constitute a precious and beloved link between the present and the *Generation of the Silver Bell*. It is appropriate beyond words that the eldest man among our members should restore the silvery singing from the memoried steeple which he recalls so affectionately, in the gift of a whole carillon.

William James Bailey, our generous benefactor was born on December 12, 1865. My childhood memories of his youth are quite distinct. They are principally associated with my sister. The family and indeed the whole orphanage soon knew that they were engaged. "Sister" was very proud and happy. She tested her diamond ring by an inscription on the kitchen window pane and all the "big girls" of the orphanage mirrored over its genuineness. Even as a youth, Will Bailey was set apart by destiny. So far as I know, he was not devoted to the usual sports, baseball, town ball, horseback riding. His lineaments then, as now, were finely chiseled; his voice, soft and low; his manner considerate and deferential. He reminded all who met him of his English ancestry. What this tall, thoughtful, bashful, almost timid young man was thinking and planning as he walked the alternately sandy or muddy streets of his native village, I do not know, but what I do know is that after a couple of clerkships filled at a time when most other boys were at college, he settled down to enrich himself and his town. In the face of the same difficulties that other Clinton young men faced, on borrowed money, he started a bank. Soon, he was able to move from their first home in the present cotton-mill village into a cabin on their own lot opposite the orphanage. Shortly thereafter, though untrained and inexperienced in manufacturing, he started a cotton mill. In this the whole town invested most of its accumulated capital, some fifty thousand dollars, less than a week's payroll of the present mills. The remainder of the story you know and must often have wondered over—how a penniless, unschooled Clinton boy, out of nothing but a fine mind, clean life and determined will could create what you know to be one of the great enterprises of the state, and to become one of the foremost textile executives of the nation. "Labor, you know, is prayer," and God hears his rosaries whirring; morning, noon and night, scattering their sheaves of gold upon the counting-tables of our merchants, into the pockets of all our people. For banks and cotton mills have their gospel carved out of thin air, strong determination and work, work, work. Henry Van Dyke proclaims it:

"This is the gospel of labor,
Ring it, ye bells of the kirk,
That the Lord of Love came down from above
To dwell with the men who work.
This is the rose that He planted here,
Here in this stone-cursed soil.
Heaven is blest with perfect rest,
But the blessing of Earth is toil."

What if this diffident youth and his young organist-bride, living in their humble cabin, could have looked forward over the years and seen this day, this beautiful edifice, this large

congregation, this flourishing little city, with its bank of millions of assets, and heard the whirring of more than a hundred thousand spindles and the clatter of more than three thousand looms in immense mills, and best of all, could have seen this fine congregation and have known that it was met to dedicate a whole carillon to replace the silver tones of the evening bell to which they were listening and which, so many times had summoned them to faith and prayer? Truly life is a fairy tale and this day is a lovely chapter in its book.

But, our story is not yet quite done, for we have not yet fully explained how it happens that this little city has poured forth so many of its people on this holy-day to celebrate this occasion. Here we come back to end at our beginning, the mighty ministry of music. It is, also, because of the earnest devotion to, and the keen appreciation of, and the expert skill in music of our present organist that we are indebted for this fine hour. More than once, Will Bailey has remarked, since he made his gift, "All the thanks I want is to see Amy so happy." She and her husband who bears the name of the man who, I believe, was, for a short life-time, Will's closest friend, were the two who served us so thoughtfully and so well in pointing out to their uncle the vast opportunity for service of such a gift. Principally, however, it must have been his admiration of her skill and his confidence in her ability, beautifully to use what to him must be a sacred trust that urged him to add to his church this lovely instrument of praise and power. He knew what you and I know, that this church has an organist of rare skill and fine executive ability, combined with great hunks of good old Copeland common sense. Often her renditions of memoried hymns on our organ have brought tears to my eyes. Now, she is empowered to send forth afar, "The sweet songs of Zion" over our oaks and gravestones into the homes and workshops of our people. Many a great preacher would count it a privilege to proclaim the Good News so widely and so well.

With our beloved Amy, whose record of accomplishment is unequalled, we remember with tender gratitude each and every member of that long list of organists in our Sunday School and church who have made our fine old church hymns and Sunday School songs a lovely part of the lives of literally thousands of people. They believed, with Nietzsche, that "Without music life would be a mistake." On that list there must be the names of a half hundred devoted, self-sacrificing, talented and dependable musicians whose part in the life of our Church is as important to all as it is underestimated by many. "Mothers in Israel" like Mrs. P. T. Hague (Pattie Thornwell) are among them, and beautiful young girls such as Annie Copeland. My earliest memory recalls the shock of the resignation of Miss Beulah Compton and the family trepi-

dation over the ability of my sister to succeed her. Among them also are a number of girls from the Orphanage such as Lizzie Witherspoon and Carrie Hipp. Aiding them from the front pew where "the choir" of two or three singers sat, were, often, members of the faculty of the little embryo college. I recall Professor Stevenson, excellent tenor, in particular. Sometimes the faculty families also furnished the organist as was the case with Miss Libbie Spencer. What a fine group they were, seen in the purple light of tender recollection, singers and musicians, second; servants of God and church, first; precious spirits and voices some few of whom remain with us. We recall their services with gratitude and high appreciation, in this their memorial hour. If Maeterlinck was right; if it is true that the departed live again on earth when they are remembered; then, we have around us today, drawn hither from the blissful skies of heaven, our own sweet

. . . . "choir invisible,
Of those immortal dead who live again,
In minds made better by their presence;
In pulses stirred to noble generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
Of miserable aims that end in self,
In thoughts sublime, that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence, light men's thoughts
To vaster issues."

So, when our church bells chime—for joyous young brides in immaculate white, for the tired dead in sombre black, for little children hastening to Sunday School, for mature middle-age forgetful of the hour of worship—listen gratefully to their music. They are your dearest memories in resonant resurrection. Their notes are recollections of forgotten faces, sweet measures of old songs, lovely chords of buried joys and hopes and faiths mingled with the dim lights of stained glass memorials to those who also, for a little while, enjoyed pink dawn and dazzling noon and paling sunset.

The hour has come to pause and reflect—when church bells chime.

* * * *

Therefore, O Bells of God, by all your mighty harmonies of earth and sky and sea, harnessed from sun and lightning and atom, transformed into music and inspiration and character; by your every hope-full, faith-full, help-full note of praise, of joy, of thanksgiving; by all the sanctities of ages of memoried chimes in ivied towers of storied sanctuaries, we, happily and gratefully and solemnly dedicate you this day:

Reverently to keep green the memories of our dead,
Joyfully to sing their souls through the open gates of heaven,
Persuasively to summon their sons and daughters to worship,
Sweetly to attune our thoughts and lives to the hymns of the
ages,

Always, to sing the praises of God, the sempiternal.

Amen.

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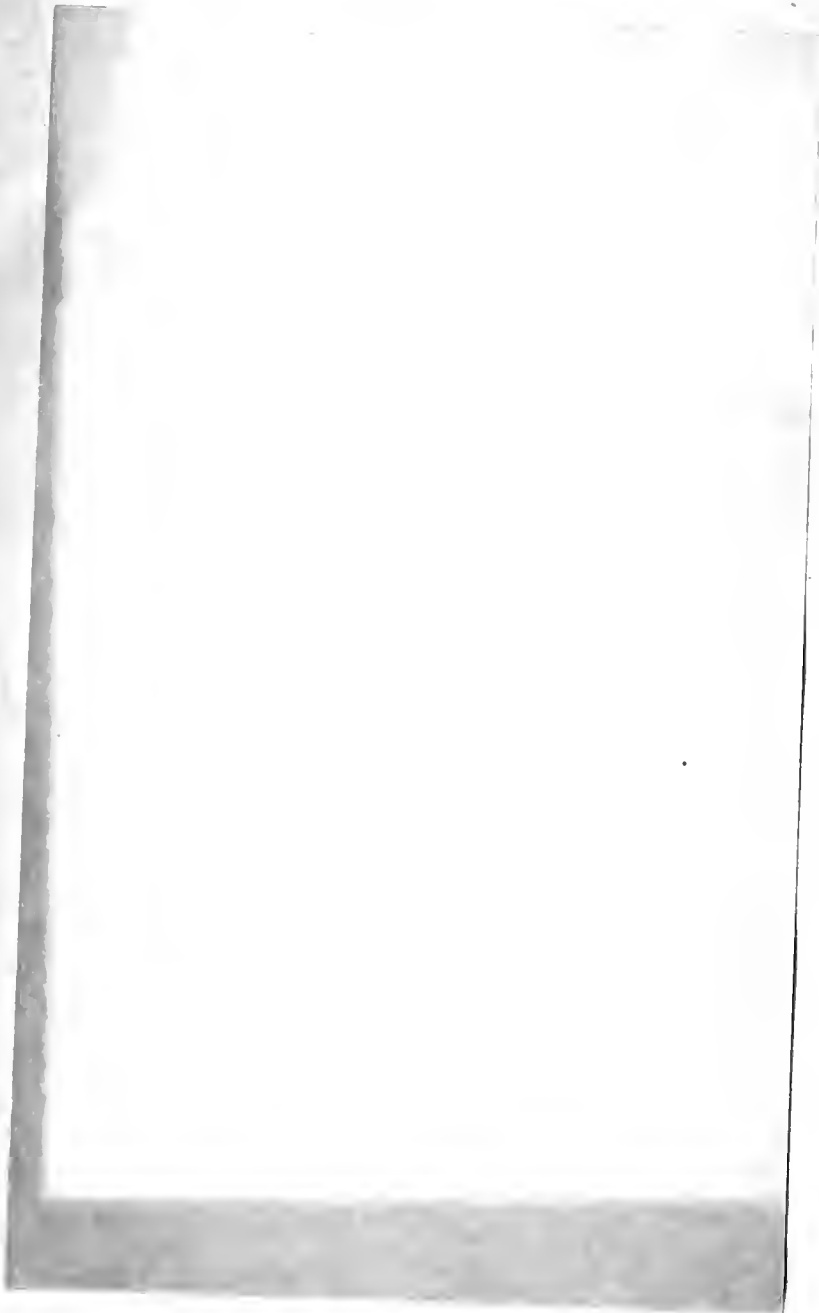
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